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PSYCHO

A SKYWALK HORROR-
MOOD
PUBLICATION

T.M. YEARBOOK



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A SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

PSYCHO

1974 YEARBOOK

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

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I WAS BORN A MONSTER... A CREATION OF THE EVIL OF VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, A YOUNG SCIENTIST OF EXTRAORDINARY CAPABILITIES, BUT OF WARPED INTELLECT...

HE BROUGHT ME INTO THIS WORLD, AS I AM, AND WHEN HE SAW ME, AND WAS DISSATISFIED, HE LEFT ME TO MY OWN DEVICE... AT THE MURK OF THE WORLD...

...WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD DO THAT? ONLY A FIERCE MADMAN

...DESPITE MY OWN CREATOR'S DISAPPOINTMENT, AND THE REJECTION OF THE WORLD, I PROCLAIM AND INSIST THAT I AM...AS HUMAN AS ANY OF YOU...

...AND AS A HUMAN, I HAVE DESIRES FOR THE LOVE OF A WOMAN, IN THE SAME FASHION, AND FOR THE SAME REASONS... AS ANY OF YOU...

YOU MAY KNOW THAT ONLY A SHORT TIME AFTER MY BIRTH, AFTER DR. FRANKENSTEIN ELECTED TO DISAPPROPRIATE ME, HE TRIED FOR A BRIEF TIME TO DISPEL HIS SELF-ADMITTED MADNESS, AND HE TRIED TO GET BACK INTO THE MAINSTREAM OF SOCIETY... VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN PURSUED HIS MIND OF ALL THOUGHTS OF ME...

...AND TOOK HIMSELF A WIFE...

...THUS A MAD MAN, AN EVIL MAN, SPENT HIS MONTHS OF WRETCHED AND DESPICABLE WORK, TO GAIN THE LOVE OF A WOMAN...
...AM I TO BE DENIED THE COMFORT OF SOMEONE LOVELY, SOMEONE WARM AND LOVING, SOMEONE TO BE A COMPANION AND LOVER? WHEN SO APPALLING A PERSON AS VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN CAN BE WED AND HAPPY?

...I WENT TO HIM... AND I CONFRONTED HIM... I SAID TO HIM "YOU MUST MAKE ME A WOMAN-- YOU CANNOT DENY ME," AND WHEN HE BALKED, I THREATENED HIS OWN WIFE'S LIFE AND HE RELUCTANTLY AGREED...

NOW IN RETROSPECT, I REALIZE HOW AMBITIOUS SUCH A PROPOSAL, REALLY WAS-- THE SCIENTIST IN VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN YEARNED FOR THE EXPERIMENT AND ITS SATISFACTIONS... BUT THE CONSCIOUS MIND OF THE MAN LOATHED ITS TASK, SO BOUND UP IN THE MORALITIES AND SELF-RECOMMINATIONS OF THE 'NORMAL MAN' WAS HE...

THUS I BEGIN MY TALE, WITH AN ELABORATE, I ADMIT, INTRODUCTION WHICH SERVES TO SET THE STAGE FOR THE CHAOS AND MAYHEM TO FOLLOW, AS IT IS AGAIN TIME TO RECALL:

THE SAGA OF THE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER



THE BRIDES OF THE FRANKENSTEINS





...SHE MOVES...
MY **BRIDE!**

...LORD SAVE MY
POOR SOUL -- I HAVE
CREATED **ANOTHER**
MONSTER... I HAVE
BROUGHT INTO THE
WORLD ANOTHER
PSEUDO-HUMAN
WRETCH...



DON'T STAND
AROUND HERE -- LEAVE
US **ALONE** NOW...
YOUR WORK IS **DONE**...
SHE IS **ALIVE**...
SHE IS **MINE**...

...GET
AWAY
FROM US...

...SO, PROMETHEUS
HAS A **WIFE** NOW AND
IS **SUDDENLY** A **PRIVATE**
PERSON...



YOU BASTARD
SON OF HELL! YOU
LEARN A FEW WORDS OF
LANGUAGE AND SPEW
THEM AT ME... YOU ARE
STILL THE **IMBECILE** I
CREATED FROM THE DEAD
PARTS OF CRIMINALS
AND OTHER
IMBECILES...

...I AM NO
BASTARD-- I AM
YOUR SON...

...NOW, **DESIST**--
AND GET YOUR
SMIRKING FACE OUT
OF OUR SIGHT BEFORE
I **SMASH** IT IN



...GET OUT,
HUMAN MONSTER,
BEFORE YOU SPOIL THIS
MOMENT FOR US --
YOUR OUTRAGEOUS
SARCASM IS
SACRILEGIOUS
TO ME





...IT'S A FIVE MILE HIKE TO TOWN... I NEEDED THIS DESOLATION TO AVOID MY CRIMINAL ACT FROM THE EYES OF THE WORLD...

...IT'S A DARK, COLD NIGHT... I HOPE I DON'T MEET UP WITH A HUNGRY WOLF-PACK...



THOUGH, IF THEY COME AT ME, I WILL ACCEPT THEIR ATTACK... FOR SIMPLY IT WILL BE THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD.

...I HAVE WRONGED HIM-- THE LORD-- THE SUPREME CREATOR OF ALL THAT LIVES-- I SOUGHT TO SURPLANT HIM... HIS WRATH UPON ME I KNOW WILL BE AWESOME...

...I SHALL BE DAMNED TO ETERNAL HELL FOR MY DEED TONIGHT...



...IF ONLY I HAD THE FORTITUDE TO KILL THE MONSTER... IF ONLY I HAD THE GUTS...



...BUT... I AM GUTLESS... SPEECHLESS...



...IF I WAS A MAN, I WOULD DESTROY THEM BOTH...

...BUT... I AM NOT A MAN AT ALL...



...YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND ME YET...
BUT YOU WILL -- SOON ENOUGH YOU
WILL SPEAK LANGUAGE AS WELL AS I...

...SOON ENOUGH, MY LOVE, WE WILL TRAVEL AROUND
THIS GLOBE LEARNING WHATEVER HAS TO BE
LEARNED, EXPERIENCING WHATEVER CAN BE
EXPERIENCED... AND THOUGH THOSE WHO
POPULATE THIS PLANET SHALL STRIVE TO BREAK
OUR LEGS WITH EVERY STEP WE TAKE, WE SHALL
HAVE ONE ANOTHER TO TURN TO...

...WE HAVE
ONE ANOTHER
TO LOVE...



...LET ME TEACH
YOU HOW TO WALK,
AND MOVE ABOUT OF
YOUR OWN ACCORD...
I'LL SUPPORT YOU...
STAND NOW, AND WATCH
MY FEET... THAT'S
RIGHT... WATCH MY
FEET AND WALK
LIKE ME...



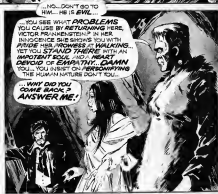
...VERY GOOD
MY LOVE... WALK
AROUND THE CAVE WITH
ME... EXCELLENT...





YOU-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK? -- DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING? DID YOU COME BACK TO GLOAT OVER THE CREATION OF YOUR DISTURBED GENIUS? DID YOU COME BACK TO LAUGH AT US?

...YOU'RE TOTTERING-- MY GOD -- YOU'RE ROARING DRUNK!!



...NO...DON'T GO TO HIM...HE IS EVIL...

...YOU SEE WHAT PROBLEMS YOU CAUSE BY RETURNING HERE, VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN? IN HER INNOCENCE SHE SHOWS YOU WITH PRIDE HER PROWESS AT WALKING... YET YOU STAND THERE WITH AN IMPOTENT SOUL AND A HEART DEVOID OF EMPATHY...DAMN YOU... YOU INSIST ON PERSONIFYING THE HUMAN NATURE DON'T YOU...

...WHY DID YOU COME BACK? ANSWER ME!



...I CAME BACK TO DESTROY YOU BOTH...



GET OUT OR I'LL KILL YOU!





... KILL ME...

... GO ON MONSTER...
DEMON -- **KILL ME**...
I HAVE KILLED YOUR
BRIDE... KILL ME...



... IF YOU DO
NOT KILL ME... THEN
I SHALL KILL YOU...





...DEAR LORD
ABOVE... THE
INHUMAN MONSTER
HAS MURDERED
MY WIFE...

...THE BRIDES OF THE
FRANKENSTEIN WERE
SHORT-LIVED... THEY
BOTH DIED BECAUSE, ONCE
UPON A TIME, VICTOR
FRANKENSTEIN CREATED A
MAN HE THOUGHT WAS
A MONSTER...

...BUT AS WE KNOW...
THE ONLY MONSTER IS
THE MIND WITHIN THE
HUMAN SHELL OF
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN...

NEXT:

DIE, FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER!



WHAT SORT OF PERSON READS THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES?

The urbane corpse, as depicted in our tales of horror, is a fighter, an adventurer, a winner in the games of life and death. Our reader is the same quality of fiend - and naturally his tastes run to the bizarre. SCREAM, PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE are read by men and women aged 8 to 80 whose love of horror is unmatched by readers of any other horror publications. Put your money down for the most innovative magazines on sale today (source: 1974 archaic)

UNITED STATES • CANADA • GERMANY • SPAIN • ITALY • FRANCE • SOUTH AMERICA



GREETINGS,
horror-mood
maniacs of
the macabre—
we intend to
send your brains
on a ferry-boat
trip straight into hell!

...KILL HIM GIRL
THEN THIS WHOLE
FAMILY' DRAIN THEIR
VEINS DRY... DO NOT
LET THEM CONTINUE
TO BROADCAST, EVEN
AS UNDEADS...

...KILL THEM...



art by BOB MARTIN from

NIGHTMARE

1974 YEARBOOK

DILL EVERETT

In Memoriam

SYD SHORES



photographs copyright 1969, 1970 by Alta Revolution

This 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK is respectfully dedicated to the late SYD SHORES, and the late BILL EVERETT. To two extraordinary artists, innovators, true gentlemen, and very fine, close friends, whose works in this issue — THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY and THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST, are indicative of their extraordinary talents, we sincerely dedicate this magazine.

PSYCHOTIC PSYCHO MAILBAG

As you can see on the page at right, most of our artist/editorial space this issue is taken up by our special MEMORIAL HUNCH OF QUESTIONS! It's our hope you'll take a few moments to fill out your answers to our fanzine questions, but before you do that, for heaven's sake, take a few moments to read over the following words which'll let you in on what's up-in-coming in the HORROR-MOOD!

Awarded AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, the author of the temporarily - discontinued - due to - circumstances - beyond - our - control master Master Sage (mainly because the artist is grazing on what he feels are greener pastures) is working up a comic-fall of horrors with DOWN TO MADNESS! DISEASED DUNGEON OF THE DAMNED and WHEN I WAS A BOY I WATCHED THE BLOOD WOLVES which'll be appearing in the aforementioned SPECIAL TOMB OF HORROR EDITION.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE series, which'll be reappearing soon on an every-issue basis! The next chapter of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES is titled THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS THE HUMAN DEAD, to be followed by KIDNAPPED as chapter 10! As promised, this will grace the pages of every NIGHTMARE from now on! A brand new horror character, THE MUMMY SHARER, is the secret if we've been teasing you about — it'll be appearing in TOMBS OF HORROR SPECIAL EDITION in just a couple months so wait it eagerly — it's destined to become the most talked-about new character in the HORROR-MOOD stakes! That's 'bout all we have SPACE for here, dear readers, except to informally PLUG what's appearing in SCREAM this week — namely — Poe's TELL-TALE HEART, NOSFERATU, THE RETURN OF THE SUTHERSLIVE MAN and the story of the victims — and our companion NIGHTMARE, also on sale right now, THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE, a tale in the shoggon mythos, WANTED MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, A TALE OF HORROR (and a 150) plus Poe's THE BLACK CAT and THE HUMAN GARGOYLES!

Nonetheless, back at the edge of the mighty Hudson, on the banks of the most feral of all swamps in these Americas, Emotionally-disturbed EDWARD FIEDORY has scribbled WHO ARE THEY? THE BROTHERS! which'll be appearing in the SPECIAL NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF HORROR EDITION, and THE CLAWS OF DEATH, as presently being nurtured by brand new HORROR-MOOD artist GARY RENZO, and THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, a tale of CURSES, LEGENDS and DEATHS, and THE COWSKAGGE AXE-MURDER, which is just about as wild-swing-asle as you'd expect from a swamp-dweller like old Ed!

Archaic AL HEWETSON, the editorial purveyor of such HORROR-MOOD delights as THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, NOSFERATU, THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS and FRANKENSTEIN, all of which appear on this month's newstand, is now in haste with new artist BOB MARTIN to produce the highly-wanted

If you have something to say, then WRITE! If not, enjoy simply READING!

R.A.P.
ARCHAIC AL

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is
because _____

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is
because _____

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is _____

my favorite type of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction
sword and sorcery) is _____

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or
longer (d) variety of lengths _____

I think the photo/features are (good, bad, or comment): _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(the Hunch, Gargoyles-Nostradamus-Frankenstein-Monster-the Heap
-Lady Satan): _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkness-Marco-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the
Victims): _____

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON
IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF
HELL): _____

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES?

my favorite cover of the 3
covers pictured below is
(check one)

☐  ☐  ☐ 

☐ full size
cover art

☐ special
design
art

comment _____

my favorite all time HORROR-
MOOD cover is _____

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
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 18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1001, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name _____ age _____

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city and all else _____

send in this page, of a favorite, so that we
can better orient you — to the first 25
[yes — 25% BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
we receive we will send an advance
copy of NIGHTMARE SPECIAL EDITION TONS OF
HORROR SPECIAL EDITION, and to the best,
most complete, 10 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF
QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTO-
GRAPHED advance copies of that SPECIAL
TONS OF HORROR EDITION — send in your
ideas to us today, and maybe 10% a free,
autographed copy of the (first) horror
magazine you will ever read!

MY MEMORY OF THE ENTIRE SOUL-ANNIHILATING AFFAIR HAS BEEN ERODED BY TIME...AND DAILY RUSHES UPON ME, FLUSHED, LIKE SOME GHASTLY POLLUTED STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS...

MY STRONGEST IMPRESSION OF ALL THE HORRORS I ENCOUNTERED WAS WHEN MY NEW BRIDE SUSIE AND I WERE BROUGHT TO THE TORTURE GROTTO OF THE SEWER-CREATURES WHO INHABIT THE...

SLIME MONSTERS

MY GOD, SUE! WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US??

HAND OVER, SUE...WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS...

BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF—THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS HAPPY ONCE—MONTHS AGO—

WELL, MRS. L'SEUMONST, I TRUST YOU FIND THE HOME OF MY ANCESTORS QUANT?

MR. L'SEUMONST, YOU JEST—PARIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE FOR OUR MONEY MOON!



REESE

AND NOW...LADDEZ UN GENTLEMEN,
A SPECIAL FEATURE OF LITERARY
NOTE: A QUICK TOUR OF THE
FASCINATING SEWERS UN PAHRRHEE!



IS HE
KIDDING?

HUSH, SIDNEY!

THEREZ ARE ZE VERY
SEWERRZ, LADDEZ UN
GENTLEMEN IN WHICH
THE REVOLUTIONARIES
IN VICTOR HUGO'S IM-
MORTAL NOVEL "LES
MISERABLES" TOOK
REFUGE...

[PHEW -
THEY MUST
HAVE
SMELLED
LIKE THE
HUDSON
RIVER.]



SIDNEY!

YES, LADDEZ UN
GENTLEMEN, IN
THESE VERY
CATACOMBS!

FOLLOW ME!




HUH?



HEY,
SUSAN!

SID! I JUST
SAW ANOTHER
SIDE. GO THAT
WAY... HE SAID
"FOLLOW ME!"



IF WE TIP HIM A DOLLAR, HE'LL PROBABLY SHOW US SOME FASCINATING SIGHTS AND RECOUNT SOME WONDERFUL STORIES ABOUT THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND!

I HEAR THERE ARE EVEN WHOLE COLONIES OF FORTUNE-TELLERS WHO LIVE IN THESE MISTY OLD PUBLIC CELLERS!

WELL, OK, KID, IT SEEMS YOUR GUIDE DOESN'T WANT TO TARRY LONG! IN FACT, HE'S 20 PACES AHEAD OF US...

HEY! YOU! GUIDE! SLOW DOWN!

DON'T BE SURPRISED IF HE JUST TURNS OUT TO BE SOMEONE TRYING TO SELL US SOME FRENCH POSTCARDS!

UH-OH!

EEEK!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

SID! SID! TURN AROUND!

SKREEEELANG!

THEN I SAW THEM! THEY CAME LUMBERING AT US, VAST, HIDEOUS, OOZING CREATURES OF GLOM! THEY WERE REPULSIVE BEYOND ALL DOUBT—SO WELL DO I REMEMBER THAT HORRID MOMENT!—FOREVER ETCHED ON MY CORRODED BRAIN!

GOOD LORD! DECREPIT, DECAYING NEAPLIKE MONSTERS! IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

SIDNEY! THIS... SEEMS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!—A PSYCHOTIC'S FEVER DREAM!



SID! HELP ME...HELP ME!

AAIEEEEE!



YAAH! PUT ME DOWN! DO YOU HEAR? CAN YOU UNDERSTAND?

TRUE, IT WAS A FOOLISH THING TO SAY...COMIC ALMOST, BUT THE WILL-CRUNCHING SHOCK OF THE SITUATION HAD OVERCOME ME...IN MY HORROR, I WENT TEMPORARILY MAD--DELIRIOUS!



PUT ME DOWN! LET US GO! WE'RE AMERICANS! LET US ALONE!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN--THROUGH THE LABYRINTH, PAST SCORES OF PILES AND MUSTERROOM ALLEYS, THROUGH THEIR STRANGE UNDERWORLD--THEY CARRIED US THROUGH UNDERGROUND STREAMS UNTIL...



LOOK--MEDIEVAL IMPLEMENTS OF TORTURE!

SIDNEY, WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?

I'LL NEVER FORGET MY SHOCK WHEN ONE OF THE CREATURES SPOKE TO ME--AND IN ENGLISH!

WE'VE KEPT YOU HERE AND FEED YOU UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT WE DO WITH YOU!

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING!

WHETHER TO LET YOU JOIN US--OR BE PUT TO DYNAIRE USE!

IN TWO HOURS THEY HAD DISPLAYED MUCH HOSPITALITY.

THEY SERVED A RATHER TASTY MEAL...MAYBE THEY'RE DECENT...

I NOTICE YOU ALL WEAR CLOTHES FROM VARIOUS ERAS IN HISTORY--WHY?



WE EACH WORE THE CLOTHES WE WORE WHEN WE CAME HERE...

THE FUMES WERE MADE UP THIS WAY, AND KEPT US ALIVE HUNDREDS OF YEARS!



AN HOUR OR SO LATER, WE WERE ALONE...

THESE RUSTY AND CORRODED BRACELETS ARE ANCIENT--EASILY BROKEN...

PROVES WHAT HE SAID ABOUT THIS PLACE'S ANTIQUITY!





THE RUSE WAS AT FIRST SUCCESSFUL—I DIVERTED THEIR ATTENTION, AND SOON HEARD THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING DOWN THE GROTESQUE CORRIDOR THAT I HAD CHOSEN, BUT IN TIME I SLIDED THEM, AND HEARD THEIR EERIE ECHOING FOOTSTEPS SPLASHING DOWN SOME OTHER MURK-STREWN PASSAGEWAY...

AT FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE...UNTIL, IN THE MAZE OF GUTTERS, I STUMBLERED INTO...

A GIGANTIC CAVERN! AND PEOPLE KEPT IN CAGES—ATTENDED BY THE SLIME-CREATURES!

WHAT STUPID, DENSE, CRASH-POUNDING SOULS DO THE DEMENTED MINDLESS CREATURES POSSESS!

I'VE STUMBLERED ON A SOCIETY OF SADISTIC BRUTES!



THIS IS
INSIDIOUS!
BARBARISM!

THE MONSTER
SLIME-MEN
HOLDING
HEALTHY
PEOPLE IN
CAPTIVITY!

SO THAT'S
WHAT THAT
CORE MEANT
ABOUT
OTHER
PURPOSES!

MY GUESS IS
THAT THEY USE
MEN AS SOME
SORT OF SLAVE
LABOR FORCE.

WORK THEM
TO DEATH
BEFORE THEY
CAN TURN
TO SLIME
CREATURES, TOO!

I'LL SOON
FIND OUT...

SOFTLY
NOW...

THEY KNOW
THIS SEWER
WELL--I CAN'T
ESCAPE IF
THEY SEE ME
NOW...

GOOD LORD!
A KITCHEN!

TO KEEP THE
POPULATION DOWN
THEY EAT MOST
NORMAL PEOPLE
BEFORE THEY
CAN TURN TO
SLIME-MEN!

CH-CHKE
GA-
GAAK!

I WAS AT THAT
POINT, I BELIEVE,
THAT I FOREVER
LOST MY MORALS
AND MY SANITY...
AS WELL AS THE
"TASTY" MEAL
THEY HAD
SERVED ME
EARLIER.

AFTER THAT, ALL MY ACTIONS
WERE A CONFUSED, DEMENTED
BLUR... I RAN MADLY THROUGH
THE SEWER, CATACOMBS...
INSANE!

I AM IN THE VERY
LAIR OF SAVAGERY...
OF BARBARISM!

MUST GET OUT OF THIS
DEATH WOMB! MUST SEE THE
PURE LIGHT OF DAY!

MUST GET BACK TO
CIVILIZATION--MUST SAVE
SURE! MUST... MUST...

THIS DRAIN-PIPE SEEMS STURDY ENOUGH A WEAPON!

S...SOME THING'S COMING...

KLIP PLOK PLOK PLOK PLOK KLIP PLOK PLOK KLOP PLOK

THERE! ACCUSED FEND! CANNIBALIST DEGENERATE! YOU GOT WHAT YOU DESERVE!

OOOPS! BETTER STOP YELLING--I'LL ATTRACT ATTENTION.

SAY...WHAT'S THAT HE DROPPED...

THEN MOST OWNMENT OF ALL FENDISH! GHOUISH HIDEOUS SHOCK OF SHOCKS! I SAW IT--HALF HUNCHED AWAY... SAW THE SLIM, DELICATE, TAPERING FINGERS THE GRACE... CHARMING FORM...THE WEDDING RING!

OH NO! NO! NO! SUSIE--THEY--THEY CAUGHT SUSIE!!

NO! NO! DIE!

FOUL MONSTER!

DIE!



YOU SHOULD BE
THANKFUL THAT I
DON'T EAT YOUR
BRAINS...

OH NO! NOW
I FIND MYSELF
EVEN THREATENED
OF DEGENERATING
TO THEIR LEVEL!



NOW TO PUT ON ITS
OUTFIT...FROM A DISTANCE,
THEN, THESE CREATURES
MAY NOT RECOGNIZE
ME...I--

I MAY BE ABLE
TO MAKE GOOD
AN ESCAPE!



UH, OH! TWO
MORE OF THOSE
DEMONS AFTER
ME!

I WON'T RISK
FIGHTING TWO
OF THEM...



WHAT LUCK!
A TRAP DOOR!

THEN, IN MY APPENDIX-LIKE LAIR, I
HEARD AN OMINOUS ROLLING, RUM-
BLING WEIGHT PLACED ON MY ESCAPE
ROUTE DOOR.



THEY'RE
TRYING TO
SEAL ME IN--
AS WITH A
TOMB!

I'LL ESCAPE!
I'VE GOT TO
ESCAPE!

BUT I LAUGHED TOO HASTILY. IT TOOK ME WEEKS OF CRAWLING THRU THE SLIMY MURK, BEFORE I FOUND AN ESCAPE ROUTE TO THE GREATER LABY- RINTHS!



THAT'S ONE BATTLE--BUT NOT THE WAR...

MY SKIN'S CHANGING! I...I LOOK LIKE THEM... THE FUMES HAVE DONE THEIR WORK!

NOW THAT I WAS FAMILIAR WITH MY SURROUNDINGS, I HAD NO TROUBLE NAVIGATING THE HORRID DOWNS... EVEN BEING ACCEPTED UN- CHALLENGED BY THE OTHER SLIME CREATURES!



THEY KNOW ME! I'M ONE OF THEM!

HO, PIERRE...WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?

I BECAME LIKE THEM EVEN IN EATING HABITS!

IN TIME I TOOK TO THE SLIME WORLD WAY OF LIFE...AND DID MY CHORES OF TENDING THE LIVESTOCK!



NEE-YAH! GET A MOVE ON!

I BECAME ANTAGONISTIC TOWARDS NORMALS! THE SLIME PEOPLE CAME TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO MY EYES.



WELL, ANOTHER ONE FOR THE STEN-POYS!

MONTHS PASSED, AND I WAS FINALLY FULLY TRUSTED BY THE SLIME WORLD SOCIETY...I EVEN TOOK A BRIDE...BUT MY CONSCIENCE BUGGED ME...

I KILLED A MEMBER OF THE SLIME WORLD--NOW WEAR HIS CLOTHES... I'M GUILTY OF MURDER...I MUST MAKE AMENDS...



SHOULISH AS THE SLIME WORLD WAS, IT ACCEPTED ME--MY CHARACTER METAMORPHOSIZED--MY VALUES CHANGED...I OFTEN TOOK LONG WALKS THROUGH THE BOWELS OF PARIS--MEDITATING...



NOW AND THEN I LONGED
TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE
-- BUT SELDOM!

I'LL NEVER
FIT IN IF I GO
BACK! MY TASTES
HAVE CHANGED...



THEN ONE DAY THE ESPIRICAL
GATE TO THE SURFACE
WORLD WAS HOISTED OPEN
-- FOR ME!



GUILT WELLED WITHIN ME
AS THE EXPERIENCES OF
NEARLY A YEAR BEFORE
CAME TO MY TORTURED MIND!

A
YOUR
PARTY!

THE MAN I
KILLED-- STOOD
HERE-- IN THESE
CLOTHES!



AS COUPLES
NEARBY
ANGLED AND
DALLIED, I
STOOD--
IMPRISONED
BY MADNESS
AND HESITA-
TION--

IT ALL STARTED
SO LONG AGO!
LONG AGO!

THE MAN I
KILLED SAID
SOMETHING THAT
STARTED IT ALL--
WHAT WAS IT?



SUDDENLY I COULD NOT HELP
MYSELF! THE WORDS OF THE
MAN I'D KILLED VERITABLY
FORCED THEMSELVES UNCON-
TROLLABLY FROM MY THROAT!



GO THAT'S HOW
IT WORKS-- LIKE
A CURSE!

OH MY GOD!
A CURSE!



I SAW MY ERROR TOO LATE--NOW
THEY WERE INNOCENTLY FOLLOW-
ING ME... AS I LED THEM TO--TO--
WELL, WE IN THE SLIME WORLD
MUST HAVE FOOD
TOO, YOU KNOW...

THE END

55 HAVE BEEN A THIEF ALL MY LIFE, PREYING ON THE WEAK AND HELPLESS. THE PEA-SOUP FOGS OF LONDON HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME. I STRIKE SUDDENLY AND THEN ESCAPE INTO THOSE YELLOW MISTS. BUT ON AN APRIL NIGHT IN 1890, MY FATE WAS TO SINK ITS TALONS INTO ME... BECAUSE AS I SAW A TUFF AND HIS LADY--AND STRUCK HARD!--MY DESTINY WAS ALREADY TAKING SHAPE! I WAS ABOUT TO BECOME...

THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY

OUR MAGIC MUSEUM ISN'T COMPLETE YET, DEAR. I-- GNNNGG!!

OHNNNNH!

THUDD!

WRITTEN BY CARLTONA FITE

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL EVERETT

MY HAND STABBED OUT. DARK EYES BLAZED FURIOUSLY INTO MINE AS...

I'LL TAKE THEM BEAUTIES, LADY!

FOOL! THE POWERS OF DARKNESS PROTECT ME!

AND IT IS THOSE DARK POWERS THAT SHALL PUNISH YOU!



I RAN THROUGH THE MISTS TO A PUB...

I MADE A GOOD HALL TONIGHT! THESE PEARLS MUST BE WORTH PLUNTY!

PAH! THAT DAME WAS BOWKERS WITH HER TALK OF DARK POWERS. ME GET PUSHED? NOT LIKELY!



THE GRINNING SKULL--WHERE A FENCE NAMED CHARLEY PEACE DID BUSINESS...

HOW MUCH, CHARLEY?

THESE'RE REAL PEARLS, MIKE-- BUT ARD TO GET RAD OF. TWENTY POUNDS AN' NOT H'A SHILLIN' MORE!



CHARLEY, YOU MEET LOTS OF FOLKS. YOU EVER HEARD OF A "MAGIC MUSEUM"?

I'LL SAY H' I AVE! 'IS NIBB THE H'EARL OF SOLREY OWNS HYS BIG PLACE 'ES GOT--H'OFF GROSVENOR SQUARE!

YOU GOIN' TER BUST THAT PLACE, MIKE? IF YOU H'ARE, H'IT GOT H'A CLIENT THAT WILL PAY PLUNTY FOR WHATEVER YOU BRING OUT! PLUNTY!



THOUGHTS RAN NOT IN MY HEAD AS I WENT OVER MY PAST LIFE. AS A YOUNG BOY, I'D HELPED MY DAD STEAL BODIES FROM GRAVES FOR MEDICAL STUDENTS TO PRACTICE ON...



WHEN I'D GROWN OLDER, THERE WERE ALWAYS TOFFS AND SWELLS TO ROB IN THE LONDON FOSS...



I BEEN GOING FOR PEANUTS ALL MY LIFE, YEAH, I'M GOING TO BUST THAT SOLREY MUSEUM. FOR ALL ITS GOT!

AN HUNDRED POUNDS HOW MORE I'LL GET YOU JUST FOR SOMETHING FROM THAT MUSEUM, YOU'LL BE H'A RICH MAN COME TOMORROW NIGHT, MIKE!

SOME NIGHTS LATER, I STOOD IN GADSVENOR SQUARE, MY EYES RUNNING OVER A BIG STONE MANSION...



IT'S A LEAD PIPE CINCIN! I CAN CRACK THAT PLACE LIKE IT WAS A BABY'S PISSEY BANK!

AND I'M GOING TO!

A SLASH WITH A GLASS-CUTTER...A CLAMP OF A RUBBER SUCTION DISC...AND THEN...



I WAS INSIDE THAT ROOM--AND STANDING IN A NIGHT-MARE PLACE! FOR OUT OF MUMMY CASE AND OINTMENT JAR, FROM PILES OF SCROLLS AND AN INCENSE TRIPOD ROSE BERTZ FIGURES...



MY GAWD--WHAT'VE I GOT MYSELF INTO?

I TURNED TO RUN--TOO LATE! FOR THOSE THINGS CAME AT ME, LUNGING ALMOST TOO SWIFTLY FOR THE EYE TO SEE...



GOTTA--GET--AWAY!

CLAWED HANDS CAUGHT ME! FIENDISH FANGS BIT DEEP! CRUELLY CURVED TALONS SLASHED MY CLOTHES AND SKIN...



GOD HELP ME! HELP ME! OH MY GOD--THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

OVERPOWERED BY THOSE DEMONIC PRESENCES I SANK DOWNWARD--DOWNWARD! NOT TOWARD THE FLOOR--THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN BLESSED PEACE!-- BUT TOWARD A NETHER WORLD THAT OPENED MY EYES...



I FELT THAT FIRE--THE AWESOME CHILL OF THAT OTHER-WORLD ICE! I WAS BURNED--AND FROZEN! I SCREAMED...



THEN LIGHT EXPLODED ALL ABOUT ME AS A VOICE CRIED OUT...



YOU KILLED MY HUSBAND
WITH THAT BRICK! I BURIED
HIM THIS AFTERNOON!

I SHOULD TURN YOU OVER
TO THE POLICE, BUT...

...IT MAY BE
THAT I WOULD
HAVE A USE
FOR A THIEF!

THIS MAGIC MUSEUM IS ALMOST COMPLETE! I POSSESS
STAR CHARTS AND MAGICAL FORMULAS FROM THE
CHALDEANS, MASTERS OF MAGIC. I OWN THE BOOKS OF SIMON MAGUS
OF CASUOSTRO, OF APOLLONIUS
OF TYANA!

YET--THERE
IS ONE THING
LACKING!

I DO NOT HAVE THE ELIXIR
OF LIFE WHICH WAS GIVEN
TO ALTHOTH THE MYSTERIOUS,
MASTER ALCHEMIST--BY
THE DEMON OPSIS!

YOU ARE A THIEF.
YOU SHALL STEAL
THAT ELIXIR
FOR ME!

I AM A SORCERESS, ACCOMPLISHED AS
MELUSINE HERSELF! DENY ME THAT ELIXIR--
AND I SHALL SUMMON UP THE DEMONS OF
THE PIT TO DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THEIR
EVIL LAND WHERE ICE AND FIRE ARE AS ONE!

THERE THOSE WICKED SPIRITS SHALL
TORTURE YOU FOR TIME WITHOUT END--
FOR ALL ETERNITY!

I BABBLER AGREEMENT IN MY FEAR. I WOULD
HAVE PROMISED ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS
NIGHTMARISH HOUSE...

YES, LADY--YER! I'LL
DO WHATEVER YOU
SAY, I SWEAR IT!

YOU NAME IT, I'LL
STEAL IT. I DON'T
CARE WHAT
IT IS!

THEN LISTEN
CAREFULLY AND
I SHALL TELL YOU
HOW TO DO IT...

SHE GAVE ME THE DIRECTIONS--BUT WHEN I WAS OUT
OF THAT MUSEUM, I FLED MADLY THROUGH THE DEEPEN-
ING FOG...

I DON'T WANT NOTHING TO
DO WITH A DAME LIKE THAT!

I'M GOING
HOME TO BED
AND STAY
THERE!



I RAN THROUGH THE FOGGY NIGHT, INTENT ONLY ON FULFILLING THE NEEDS OF LADY SOLREY. AHEAD OF ME WAS THE HOUSE. I WAS TO ROB -- SMALL, ALMOST INSIGNIFICANT...

WOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO CRACK THAT PLACE. GET IN A WINDOW -- LOOK AROUND UNTIL I SEE THE VIAL -- THEN SWIPE IT!

ONCE I DO THAT -- I'LL GET THAT WITCHWOMAN OFF MY BACK!

I SLIPPED INSIDE THE HOUSE THROUGH AN UNLOCKED WINDOW AND PAUSED UNTIL MY EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS WHICH WAS RELIEVED ONLY BY FAINT MOONLIGHT...

THERE IT IS -- IN THAT GLASS CASE!

I CUT THE GLASS CAREFULLY -- REACHED INSIDE... AND AS I DID SO...

HEY! WHA-- WHAT'S GOT HOLD OF ME?

FINGERS TOWERED ABOVE! THE HISS OF SERPENTINE DEMONS EXPLODED IN MY EARS! FEAR PARALYZED MY EVERY MUSCLE...

GULP! OHNN-- NO

OUT OF THE SHADOWS DARTED OTHER SHAPES-- SHAPES I ONLY KNEW TOO WELL! -- TO CLASH IN DEMONIC BATTLE WITH THE REPTILIAN DEVILS.

I'M SO SCARED I CAN'T EVEN YELL!

BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE! SOONER OR LATER ONE OF THEM THINGS WILL GRAB ME!

IN SOME DEMON-WORLD, THIS FIENDISH STRUGGLE MIGHT HAVE TAKEN PLACE, BUT NOT IN LONDON! I TOLD MYSELF THIS BUT...

M-MY LESS W-WONT
DO W-WHAT I WANT
THEM TO!

I'M ROOTED
HERE LIKE I W-WAS
A PLANT!



JA SCALY TAIL HIT ME, DROVE
ME HELLS OVER HEAD...

WHAACK!



I CLAWED A PATH TO THE OPEN WINDOW, HORROR
FREEZING MY MIND AND HEART...

GOTTA GET AWAY...
GOTTA GET AWAY...
GOTTA GET AWAY...



THE LADY SORCERESS HAD SENT HER DEMONS TO
PROTECT ME. I WANTED TO LAUGH BECAUSE IN
THEIR AWFUL BATTLE THEY CAME CLOSE TO
KILLING ME!

MAYBE THEY'RE
HELPING ME TO GET
OUT, GLAMMING
INTO ME THIS WAY!

BUT THEY'RE
LIABLE TO **BREAK**
ME IN HALF AT
THE SAME
TIME!



I CRAWLED OUT THAT WINDOW AND RAN FOR MY LIFE! DAWN WAS A RED-NESS IN THE SKY AS MY FOOTFALLS POUNDED ON THE COBBLED STREETS.

I D-DID ALL THE WORK BUT THAT LADY SORCERESS IS GOING TO GET THE ELOOR OF LEE--THAT WILL LET HER LIVE FOREVER!

ME, I'M GOIN' TO GET NOTHING!

UNLESS...



UNLESS I TOOK SOME OF THIS STUFF MYSELF!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T I?

I SURE WOULDN'T MIND LIVIN' FOREVER!



WITH A SHAKING HAND I LIFTED THAT VIAL, GIPPED...

WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?

SURE IS FUNNY TASTIN' STUFF, SOMETHING LIKE LEMON PHOSPHATE...



I CHECKED TO MAKE SURE I HADN'T DRUNK TOO MUCH, SO'S THAT LADY SORCERESS WOULDN'T GET SUSPICIOUS...

MAN! I JUST TOOK A LITTLE!

BUT I SURE WOULDN'T WANT HER TO SIC THEM DEMONS ON ME AGAIN!



APPARENTLY SHE HAD NO SUSPICIONS. FOR...

YOU'VE DONE WELL, MICHAEL MASON. NOW MY COLLECTION OF MAGICAL ARTIFACTS IS COMPLETE!

YOU MAY GO HOME NOW!



I WAS EXHAUSTED, DRAINED OF ALL ENERGY AS I WALKED HOMEWARD THROUGH THE MORNING MISTS...

I FEEL FEVERISH, HOT, MAYBE I'M CATCHIN' A COLD OR SOMETHING.

I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE A HOT TODDY AND GO TO BED! I'M REALLY TIRED!



ALL THAT DAY AND THROUGH THE NEXT NIGHT I SLEPT AND SLEPT. IT WAS AS IF SOME STRANGE MALADY WERE WORKING IN MY VEINS. THEN WHEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING DAWNED...



WHEN NIGHT CAME, THE LANDLADY ENTERED MY LITTLE ROOM--BRINGING A DOCTOR WITH HER...



HELPLESS, I WATCHED AS I WAS DRESSED IN MY CLEANEST CLOTHES AND THEN PLACED IN A PINE BOX.

WE'LL BURY HIM IN POTTERS FIELD, SINCE HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH MONEY.



IT CAME TO ME, EVEN AS MY COFFIN WAS BEING LOWERED INTO THE COLD, DAMP GROUND. I WAS AN--IMMORTAL! I COULD NEVER DIE! FOR ALL TIME I WOULD REMAIN HERE--BURIED ALIVE!--WHILE THE WORLD WENT ON ABOVE ME...



TODAY--EIGHTY YEARS LATER--THERE IS A LEGEND THAT IN AN OLD GRAVEYARD IN LONDON, IF YOU LISTEN CLOSELY, YOU CAN HEAR A GHOSTLY VOICE WHISPERING, CRYING OUT FOR HELP...AND PITY...



BEWARE SMALL EVILS!



TO THOSE WHO SURVIVED TO THE YEAR 1985, SUMMER WAS FULL OF THE USUAL MADNESS, AND THE LETHAL TOLL OF SMALL EVILS MOUNTED... AS DID CLOUDS OF CAR EXHAUST, INDUSTRIAL POISONING AND STAGNANT WATER TO STRANGLE EARTH'S FRAGILE ECOLOGY... MAKING PURE AIR AND WATER SCARCE...



SUMMER 1985 SAW MUCH OF MAN'S MISUSED TECHNOLOGY COLLAPSE IN UPON ITSELF, AND A CIVILIZED PEOPLE BECAME DEPENDENT WITH THE ADVENT OF CRUEL, ANARCHISTIC, BARBARIC MONSTERS, SUCH AS "SPACEY'S SPITFIRE"---A NERD MULTI-ETHNIC TERRORIST HOODLUM GANG WHICH TOOK OVER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



WRITTEN AND SUBMITTED BY JIMM, KATE, AND FRANK, CHACONA

THE SPITFIRE WAS NAMED AFTER SPACEY JAGLIN, A FEMALE MOTORCYCLE TRAMP TURNED "RESPECTABLE" 3-D MONIE "QUEEN" WHO TRAGICALLY DIED OF AN OVERDOSE OF AMPHETAMINES MIXED WITH OTHER DEADLY BODY-POLLUTANTS... THAT 1984 SUMMER... IN LOS ANGELES.



THE WEEK OF HER FUNERAL, BUT A FEW MILES NORTH OF L.A., IN AN UNOBSERVANT AND RECKLESSLY UNGUARDED CLIFF-SIDE RESEARCH CENTER, OVERLOOKING OIL-SLICKED OCEAN, A CONGRESSMAN INQUIRED--



YOU WANT
SOMETHING TO
REPORT TO YOUR
COMMITTEE,
SENATOR?

YOU CAN TELL
THEM ABOUT
MUTATION #320--
DEVELOPED AFTER
320 GENETIC
MUTATIONS WITH
THIS
CYCLOTRON...

DO YOU FEEL
IT'S REALLY
WORTH TEN
BILLION
DOLLARS?

THOSE TAX DOLLARS
COULD BE BETTER
SPENT ON OUR WAR
EFFORTS IN SOUTH
AMERICA AND CANADA,
PROFESSOR BACALL!

AND A CROSS-
BREEDING OF VARIOUS
ONE-CELLED ORGANISMS
INTO A SUPER-STRAIN
OF GERM PLANT
CLUSTER...

GERM-PLANT
CULTURE MUTATION
#320, SENATOR, IS
ABLE TO PRODUCE
OXYGEN...

OXYGEN THAT HAS
BEEN DISAPPEARING
RAPIDLY BECAUSE OF
THE OIL CONSUMES
YOU REPRESENT IN
CONGRESS, SENATOR.
READY!



OBSERVE THE
CULTURE MAGNIFIED
ON THE VIEW SCREEN
BEFORE US...



THE ODD CROSS-
BREED COMBINATION
OF ONE-CELLED
PLANT AND ANIMAL
LIFE YOU SEE,
SENATOR...

MAY JUST SAVE
THE HUMAN
SPECIES FROM
EXTINCTION! IT
WILL PRODUCE
OXYGEN ENOUGH
FOR ALL...

WHEN
PERFECTED!

BIKERS

ATTEND THE
MOMENTOUS
FUNERAL
OF
SPACEY
JAGLIN
WEDNESDAY
\$5.00

ALONG THE SWOBBY SEASCAPE, FETTERED AND BARBARIC LEGIONS OF SPACEY'S SATYRIDES RIDE, SPEWING CARBON MONOXIDE EXHAUST CLOUDS THAT HALF-HID THEIR GRIM TOW--THE COFFIN-CYCLE OF SPACEY JASLIN...



NOW IF YOU CAN HOLD YOUR CURIOSITY IN CHECK, PROFESSOR, I'LL LET YOU WITNESS HOW WE MUTATE THE STRAIN--

ER-- YOU CAN CONTROL YOURSELF?--

YES--YES-- ALL RIGHT! BUT --MY HAND!

MRS SCHIEF, WOULD YOU PLEASE BRING IN ANOTHER CULTURE--SLIDE OF MUTATION #320--

AND--AH--A FIRST AID KIT?

YES, SIR!

WHILE IN THE OUTER OFFICES--

P-PLEASE S-SIR!--

DAMN IT! DON'T GIVE ME NO RUN-AROUND!

I KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL! --BUT NO RESEARCH CENTER!

S-STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!

IF YOU DOGS DON'T FIX MY KNEE, I'LL USE YOUR NECK FOR MY BELT!

YOU ALL LIE! LIE LIKE RUBB!

HERE'S A FIRST AID KIT!

GIVE IT TO ME, BROAD! I'LL PATCH MYSELF UP IF NOBODY ELSE WILL!





BUT RATE PLAYS STRANGE MUSIC, AND THE LYRIC SEA-WINDS EDDIED AND SWIRLED THE FLOATING MUTATION #320 5 MILES UP THE ROAD, TO THE SIGHT OF A PANORAMA OF MOTORCYCLE HOODLUMS PREPARING TO PAY THEIR LAST COARSE RESPECTS...



OCEAN WAVES, CRASHING, POUNDING ON POISONED FISH CARCASSES PROVIDED THE MUSIC FOR A DRUNKEN BALLAD OF BRITISH FORMS WITH WASTED ANIMALISTIC MINDS, AS THEY DISMOUNTED THEIR BIKES AND STUMBLED NUMBLY INTO ONE ANOTHER IN REVELRY...



TO A ROUSING OFF-KEY CHORUS OF A KERRAN FROM THE SOUNDTRACK THEME FROM HER LATEST 3-D OPUS, SPACEY JAGLIN WAS HEFTED ALOFT IN DUBIOUS DIGNITY...



BUT A DRUNKEN LURCH NULLIFIED ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANY DIGNITY...



THE PATHETIC CARCASS OF THE LONELY WISUNDER STOOD, POP SUPERSTAR TUMBLED WITH A ROP BEFORE HIS BOOTS... THE LEADER AND ARMY ARMY-GURU WITH THE LAST SHREDS OF HIS DRUG-ROTTED MIND, SCROOPED FOR APPROPRIATE WORDS--EYES GLAZED... BODY SWAYING...



AT THE COMMAND OF THE FANATICAL "HOLY MAN" LEADER, EACH MEMBER OF THE PRIMITIVE AND SAVAGE SUPERSTITIOUS HERD FLED BY, AND PREPARED HER BROKEN BODY FOR CREMATION!



AND TO THE RHYTHMIC SHOUTS OF HIS MUHAMMAD-BURLY RAVINGS, THEY HOISTED HER CORPSE ALOFT WITH TIRE-IRONS AND CROW-BARS, AND SET HER REMAINS ABLAZE!



YOUR DEATH SIGNALS THE END OF AN ERA, OH, SPACEY JACK! OH, GODDESS!

NOW BEGINS A NEW EPOCH! --IN WHICH THE SPITFIRES SHALL ASCEND TO GREAT POWER AND RULE THE WORLD!



BUT THE CHEMICAL LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE TO NOT BOW TO SUPERSTITION--MOMBERS, AND THE HEAT FUSED A COMPOUND OF FORMALDEHYDE, AND THE DRUGS THAT HAD KILLED SPACEY JACK IN--



AND THE PECULIAR COMPOUND WAS ABSORBED BY MUTATION # 320--



AND IT NOURISHED MUTATION # 320,--

AND THE INHYGATED MUTATION #320 BEGAN TO RISE LIKE YEAST AND CONTINUE TO GROW AND MULTIPLY--



AND ONCE SPARKED TO ACCELERATED GROWTH, IT WOULD NOT STOP!

FOR IT IS
RIGHT THAT
SPACEY'S
SPITFIRES
GAIN
VENGEANCE!



HER NAMESPACE ARMY
SHALL OVERRUN -
AMERICA!-- THEN THE
WORLD! GRANT US A
SIGN OF APPROVAL,
O POWERS OF SPIRIT
AND GLORY!

BUT REALITY NEITHER HEARS
NOR HEEDS THE RANTINGS
OF A MYSTIC...



MUTATION # 520 FED ON THE CARCASS OF THE GURU-LEADER, GROWING RAPIDLY.
THEN IT FLOATED AWAY, SENSORS GULVERING IN HUNGRY ANTICIPATION
OF MORE LIFE TO DEVOUR!--



NO! NO!!

AGAAHIEEE!

HELPPP!

"BUT SEE, AROUND THE MIMIC ROUT A CRAWLING SHAPE INTRUDE! A
BLOOD-RED THING THAT WRITHES WITHOUT THE SCENIC ROUTE! IT
WRITHES!-- WITH MORTAL PAINS, THE MIMES BECOME ITS FOOD,
AND THE ANGELS SOB AT VERMIN FANGS IN HUMAN SORE INSUED."
--POE, THE CONQUEROR NOW.



"GOLDEN LADS AND GIRLS ALL MUST
AS CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS, COME TO DIRT!"
--WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
CYMBELINE, ACT 4, SCENE 2

GROWING, EVER GROWING—SOON **MUTATION #320** WAS A TOWERING HEAP OF MALIGNANCY!—DISPSTING HUNDREDS OF TERROR-STROKEN BIKERS IN A MATTER OF MINUTES! THE SPORE OF DEATH SURGED ONWARD, STILL GROWING!!



THEN THE WAVE-LIKE ARDORS OF HUGE MACROBIC LIFE CREEPT ELSEWHERE IN SEARCH OF MORE NOURISHMENT...



AND THOSE WHO WERE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE THEIR CAR WINDOWS UNROLLED DID NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET THEIR MISTAKE...



DON'T PANIC, NURSE! SECURE THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!--

WE CAN WEATHER THIS OUT!

YES, PROFESSOR...



I HOPE YOU RECOGNIZE WHAT THOSE MONSTERS ARE, SENATOR REEDY!

UHP



THEY'RE--ER--IT'S MOVING AWAY NOW PROFESSOR!

HEAVEN HELP ALL IN THEIR PATH!



MUTATION #320 THEN SPREAD ON DOWN TO THE OUTSKIRT BEACH RESORTS OF LOS ANGELES...



IT GREW TO EVEN MORE FANTASTIC PROPORTIONS, AND ATTACKED **CENTRAL LOS ANGELES**...AND CONTINUED TO MULTIPLY AND SPREAD ACROSS **CALIFORNIA**!

WITHIN AN HOUR, MUTATION #320 HAD GROWN SO HUGE THAT IT CROWDED OVER MOST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...AND NOT JUST SATIATING ITS APPETITE WITH ANIMAL-LIFE, AS BY THEN MOST SURVIVING PEOPLE WERE SECURED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, MUTATION #320 ACQUIRED A TASTE FOR PLANTS AND TREES, AS IT GREW--AN IMMENSE, CREEPING CARPET OF DEATH!



HELLO, PENTAGON? YES--THIS IS SENATOR REEDY!--

BEFORE THE LINES FAIL, HERE'S THE BEST STRATEGY!

THE SPORES ARE VULNERABLE TO ORDINARY DETERGENT ENZYMES!--



AND PROBABLY PETROLEUM WILL SWOTHER IT, TOO. MY OIL WORKS AND MY ENZYME DETERGENT COMPANIES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL--SPRAY THE WHOLE STATE WITH OIL AND DETERGENT IMMEDIATELY!--



OTHERWISE WE'LL ALL BE LOST!--GOT MR. PENTAGON?

RIGHT ON, SENA-- (CLICK!! BZZZ--)

THE LINE JUST WENT DEAD! WHW!



THERE-- IT WAS A GREAT SACRIFICE, BUT THE HUMAN RACE WILL BE SAVED!

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ONE CRISIS THAT WILL UNIFY MANKIND! FROM THIS DAY FORWARD TECHNOLOGY WILL BE USED WISELY BY INDUSTRIES, POLITICIANS, AND THE LIVES LEFT TODAY WERE NOT LOST IN VAIN!



WELL, ISN'T THAT QUANT--

STOW AND SHOVE YOUR INAUGURATION SPOON, SENATOR!

AS DEADLY CARBOIDS OF OIL AND DETERGENT WERE DROPPED OVER THE VAST LENGTH OF CALIFORNIA, THE PROFESSOR SPOKE SCHEMATICALLY... "WE DEVELOPED MUTATION #320 IN HOPES OF REPLACING EARTH'S OXYGEN LOST TO PLANKTON-DESTROYING OIL AND DETERGENT POLLUTION."



"THE VAST DOSAGE OF OIL AND ENZYMES YOU ORDERED WILL DESTROY MUTATION #320, ALL RIGHT--" CONTINUED THE PROFESSOR... "6 MILES AND MILES OF OIL-SOAKED MUTATION #320 WERE SET ABLAZE WITH NAPALM..."



BY NOW, THE SPOKES MUST BE ALL OVER THE GLOBE--NO PLACE WILL BE SPARED THE REMEDIAL CONFLAGRATION!



THEN THE LAND-PLANTS AND THE SEA-PLANKTON WILL ALL GO! --

AND SO WILL ALL THE OXYGEN!

SOON YOU, ME, THAT HOODLUM WHO BROKE THE SLIDE-- WE'LL DIE OF ASPHYXIATION!" SCREAMED THE PROFESSOR... "ALL OXYGEN WILL BE GONE IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS!" --WEEP THE PROFESSOR...



And so ends the saga of Humankind--and its SMALL, EVIL selfish men who for PROFIT, destroyed their work, themselves, and their most precious Natural Resource. SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY channeling to barbaric ends...



IT'S GETTING HARD TO BREATHE, NURSE!

SLASH THE SENATOR'S STOMACH OPEN!

ANY SCIENTIST KNOWS--POLITICIANS ARE FULL OF HOT AIR!

THE END

DR. WROCLAW IS THE PRISONER, VARGA AWARE OF THE DANGER INVOLVED IN THIS OPERATION?

THE ELEMENT OF RISK HAS BEEN MADE CLEAR TO HIM, MULNER..



PULSE UP SLIGHTLY ON THE GALVANATOR!

SUCH RISKS MUST BE ASSURED IF SCIENCE IS TO ADVANCE! AND, AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN IT MATTER TO A CONVICTED MURDERER LIKE VARGA!

BY CONSENTING THE EXPERIMENT HE HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HIS OTHERWISE STUPID AND USELESS BRITISH LIFE FINALLY MEAN SOMETHING!



VOLTAGE CONSTANT, INCREASE X-P RAY!

AND IF WE FAIL?

THEN HE DIES A FEW HOURS EARLIER THAN THE LAW DECIDES IT MATTERS LITTLE!



HEART STEADY... BLOOD PRESSURE OKAY...

I CANNOT HELP BUT THINK THAT WITHOUT MEN LIKE POOR VARGA HERE OUR THEORIES MIGHT REMAIN NOTHING MORE THAN EMPTY WHISPERS IN THE NOISY TOWER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.



MAIN LINE AMPERAGE CONSTANT...

YOU MAKE THIS DUMB LOUT OUT TO BE A HERO, MULNER? WHAT OF MEN LIKE OURSELVES? NO, YOU CANNOT COMPARE THE TRUE HEROES OF SCIENCE TO A RAWL-ING SAVAGE LIKE VARGA!



HE IS OF NO MORE CONCERN TO ME THAN THE PREVIOUS TEST ANIMALS!

CAN YOU FEEL NO KINSHIP WITH HIM AS A MAN? SYMPATHY?

NONE! BEGIN THE EXPERIMENT!



SWITCH ON TAPED CONTROL!



TAPES ON!

INCREASE X-P RAY TO ONE HUNDRED!

ELECTROMICROSCOPE SHOWS DEFINITE MOLECULAR SHIFT! ATOMIC STRUCTURE IS SHAKING!

IT'S WORKING!

INCREASE RAY TO ONE THOUSAND!



HE MUST BE IN TERRIBLE PAIN!

INCREASE RAY TO MAXIMUM!



IER MAN

MY GOD!
WROCLAW, IT'S
WORKING!

NO! NOT GOD'S
DOING BUT MINE!

I MAY HAVE SAVED
THIS OVERCROWDED
WORLD FROM
EXTINCTION!

CAREFUL,
DOCTOR. HE'S VERY
CONFUSED AND
FRIGHTENED!

HE'S FALLING
OFF THE TABLE!

CATCH HIM,
MILNER! WE'VE
GOT TO GET HIM
BACK UNDER THE
XP RAY!

AAAAH!

WRITING AND ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SWARTON MEMORAN ADAMS

HE CAN'T GET
OUT OF THE
ROOM, DOCTOR.
WE'LL FIND
HIM!

YOU FOOL! THE SHRINK-
ING PROCESS IS STILL
GOING ON! SOON
HE'LL BE TOO SMALL
TO SEE WITHOUT
THE AID OF A
MICROSCOPE!

DAMN HIM!
IF HE GETS
AWAY I'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO PROVE MY
THEORY!

A HECTIC HOUR LATER:



HE'S LOST TO US FOREVER, DOCTOR. I'D BETTER SEE THE WARDEN...
THINK UP SOME STORY THE STATE
AUTHORITIES WILL BUY!



GO TO IT, MILNER, AND
REMEMBER, SHOULD THERE
BE AN INVESTIGATION,
YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS I!



NERVES SHOT... BETTER
TAKE A TRANQUILIZER!



HMM, CAPE LOOSE.



THERE...

CAN'T LET THIS GET ME
DOWN. MUST GO ON TO
OTHER EXPERIMENTS!



...INSIDE
WIDCLAW'S
BODY...
GASP!
SALIVA'S
BURNING!
CHOKE!!

THERE!

I'M
UNSTUCK
FROM
THE
CAPSULE!

CAN'T
STOP
MYSELF...

BEING
WASHED
DOWN
TO
THE
STOMACH!

BETTER BE ON MY WAY, ELIZABETH CARRYS
ON SO WHEN I'M LATE FOR DINNER!

MILNER WILL SMOOTH THINGS
OUT WITH THE AUTHORITIES
HE ALWAYS DOES!

G'NIGHT,
DOC...

GOODNIGHT,
RISK...

BURP!
INDIGESTION
ON TOP OF EVERY
THING ELSE!

GASP!
GOOD THING I
CALIGHT THIS
NERVE!

THAT
BOILING
STOMACH
ACID
DISSOLVES
FLESH
ON CONTACT!

GOTTA
GET OUTTA
HERE!

UNNNNN! ...GONN!
OH LORD I CERTAINLY
DON'T LOOK FORWARD
TO DINNER!
BURP!



OOOH! BURPIE OVERWORK...
MY STOMACH...GETTING
AN ULCER...

DOC WROCLAW
CHECK OUT?

YEAH! SOME DOCTOR!
EVER SEEN ANY OF
HIS EX-PATIENTS?

WHY,
NO...

NAH! NEITHER WAS
ANYBODY ELSE! THE
BLOODY BUTCHER!



GASP!
MUST BE
SOME
KINDA
GERM!

GOTTA
GET AROUND
HIM!



ANOTHER ONE!
SOMEBODY THEY
DON'T SEEM TO
NOTICE ME...

...JUST
A LITTLE
FURTHER...



...THERE!
LET 'EM
FIGHT
IT OUT!

GOTTA KEEP
MOVIN' UP!



I'LL SWING
ACROSS ON
THIS!



A NERVE
OR SUMPTIN'
...HOOKED
TO...



MY
EYE!



GASP!
NEARLY
KNOCKED
ME
OUT!

FALLING
G.G.G.



ENIAGHHH!
BLINDING
PAIN!

SCREECH



ENIAGG



UINSH!
THE SOUND
VIBRATION...
NNNNH!











LORD!! GASP!! I'VE SEEN
NEATER DECAPITATIONS!

BUT—WHERE'S
"UN...THE HEAD?"

COVER HIM
UP! / CHOKE!!



DRIVEN COMPLETELY
INSANE IN THE LAST
FLEETING MOMENTS
OF LIFE, HENRY
WIDCLAW'S SUBBING
BRAIN GUARANTEED
ITS LAST LINE OF
DEFENSE, THE
UNPLEASANT
HORRORS OF THE
SUBCONSCIOUS
MIND!

I'M ALL
RIGHT!
THE
FALL
NEVER
HURT
ME!
I'LL
GET
OUT
OF...

Guh
Guh
Guh
Go!

AND WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THAT SUBCONSCIOUS, ONCE AROUSED
CAN LIVE. VARGA KNOWS!

THE END



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... current Horror-Mood Issues ...

SCREAM

PSYCHO

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YOU CAN FEEL IT, CAN'T YOU? THERE'S SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THE MOORS THIS NIGHT--SOMETHING DARK, STRANGE, SINISTER...



CURSE THIS WEATHER--THAT A MAN SHOULD BE ABOUT ON THE MOORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

BUT THE WOMAN NEEDS HER APOLOGIES--AND THERE BE NO-ONE ELSE TO PITCH IT FOR HER! I...

WHAT WAS THAT? IS IT MERELY THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG OR...



MERCHELL SAINTS IN THE SHADOWS... THOSE EYES...

I'M GETTIN OUT OF HERE!

BRAMBLES AND BRANCHES CLUTCH AT YOU AS YOU RACE BLINDLY ACROSS THE MOOR--TEARING AT YOUR CLOTHES--TRYING DESPERATELY TO HOLD YOU FOR THE NAMELESS TERROR THAT NIPS AT YOUR FEET...



NO...NO!! KEEP BACK--KEEP AWAY!

WRITTEN BY LEO WEIN. ILLUSTRATED BY SYD BLOOMER AND TOM PALMER.

RUN--RUN...ACROSS A FOG-DRAPE LAND--SCAPE ALIVE WITH EVERY DARK FEAR YOU'VE EVER KNOWN--ALL THE TERRORS THAT CAME TO YOU IN YOUR DREAMS LIVE THIS NIGHT...



RUN ON--EVER ONWARD--UNTIL THERE IS NOWHERE LEFT TO RUN...



I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE OUT-DISTANCED WHATEVER IT WAS...I'M SAFE!

THE SIGH OF RELIEF FREEZES
IN YOUR THROAT AS THE
SILENCE OF THE MOOR IS
SHATTERED BY THE SAVAGE CRY
OF A GREAT, INHUMAN BEAST
THAT RURLS ACROSS THE
DARKNESS AT YOU, BAYING
TRIUMPHANTLY AT THE
MELANCHOLY MOON...AND
YOU SCREAM...ONE SHORT
HOPELESS SCREAM...

THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!

AAARROOWRRR

EEYAAAH!

THEY FOUND THE BODY IN THE MORNING, LYING TORN AND BLEEDING IN THE TALL MARGE GRASS...



IS IT? THINK ABOUT IT--WHY DO THE KILLINGS ONLY OCCUR UNDER A FULL MOON? WHAT OTHER BEAST MAKES SUCH A HORRIBLE SOUND? WHAT ABOUT THE INDIAN TRACKS WE FIND NEAR THE BODIES, LEADING OFF INTO THE MOORS?



CONSIDER FOR A SECOND--JUST WHEN DID THE WEREWOLF KILLINGS BEGIN?



BLAKE'S A STRANGE ONE, I TELL YOU! MANY'S THE NIGHT I'VE SEEN HIM--WALKING HIS DEMON ROUND THROUGH THE MOOR--CASUAL AS YOU PLEASE! NOTHING BOTHERS HIM--AND WHY SHOULD IT? ...SINCE HE'S THE WEREWOLF!



ELIOT'S RIGHT! SOME OF US SHOULD GO OUT TO BLAKE'S CASTLE AND HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM!



THUNDER EDGED THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE OLD CASTLE AS ELIOT COLLINS AND THE OTHERS HAMMER AT THE BIG BRASS KNOCKER THAT HANGS FROM THE DOOR--UNTIL FINALLY...

YES, WHO IS IT? MAY I HELP YOU?

SQUIRE BLAKE? MY NAME IS COLLINS--SEVERAL OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE AND MYSELF WOULD LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU!



WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SQUIRE--I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF THE BRUTAL MURDERS THAT HAVE BEEN PLAGUING THE COUNTRYSIDE OF LATE!

YES, OF COURSE, BUT WHY...

WE THINK YOU'RE THE MURDERER, SQUIRE--WE THINK YOU'RE A WEREWOLF!



YOU INCREDIBLE FOOLS--WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT TO ME WHEN I WALK THE MOORS? THROUGH MY EYES, IT'S ALWAYS NIGHT!



I'M BLIND, GENTLEMEN--STONE BLIND!

ME--A MURDERER? HA-HA? YOU MUST BE JOKING!

WERE QUITE SERIOUS, SQUIRE! THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS ABOUT YOU THAT MAKE NO SENSE! WHY FOR EXAMPLE DO YOU WALK THE MOORS AT NIGHT WHEN SAME MEN STAY IN THEIR HOMES? WHY...



WE--WE DIDN'T KNOW! WE'RE SORRY--GO SORRY!

WE--WE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE!

WE'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T! NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND LEAVE ME ALONE!





THE FULL MOON CASTS ITS
PETRIFIED GAZE DOWN ON THE
FOG-SWEPT COUNTRYSIDE--AND IN
MANY HOMES, BRAVE MEN PREPARE
TO FACE THEIR FATE...



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, A DARK-EYED DEMON PROWLS
THE MOORS ONCE MORE...



AS THE BEAST-MAN SPRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS, A GREAT ROPE-NET DROPS FROM ABOVE AND...



IT WORKED!
WE DID IT!

THE WEREWOLF...
"THE SQUIRE"...
IS OURS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

ELIOT? ELIOT--YOU
FORGOT YOUR...

CLAIRE...
CLAIRE, GO BACK!
KEEP AWAY FROM
HERE!



FOR ONE
FATEFUL
SECOND,
MRS.
COLLINS
STANDS
UNCERTAIN
OF
WHAT
TO DO
NEXT...
AND
THAT
SECOND
PROVES
TO BE
HER
LAST...



CLAIRE!!
OH, MY GOD--
NOOO!

INSTANTS LATER, THE NET IS IN RIBBONS AND THE NIGHT-WALKING BEAST IS GONE-- LEAVING DEATH AND DESPAIR IN ITS WAKE...



CLAIRE! OH, MY POOR, DEAR
CLAIRE-- WHAT HAVE I DONE
TO YOU? WHAT HAVE
I DONE?



DEMON!
HELLSPAWN!
YOU'RE
THROUGH!
DO YOU
HEAR ME?
--THROUGH!
YOU WON'T
LIVE TO
WALK THE
NIGHT AGAIN!
I SWEAR IT!
YOU BLOODY
BEAST-- I
SWEAR IT!

IT DIDN'T TAKE THE SQUIRE LONG TO ANSWER THE PURDUS KNOCKING...

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD HOUSE...

SQUIRE, IT'S *ME* AGAIN--
COLLINS!
I'VE COME FOR A RECKONING!

A RECKONING? REALLY COLLINS--
SUCH HARSH WORDS! STILL--
YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN!

ALL RIGHT, SQUIRE--JUST
MOVE SLOWLY AND SIT
DOWN! YOU MAY NOT BE
ABLE TO SEE IT--BUT I'VE
GOT A GUN POINTED AT
YOUR HEART--A GUN
WITH A **SILVER BULLET!**

BUT WHY?
WHAT WILL
SHOOTING
ME AVAL
YOU?

IT'S *SIMPLE*, OLD MAN!
YOU AND I ARE GOING
TO SIT HERE QUIETLY
UNTIL THE FULL MOON
RISES TONIGHT! IF I'M
RIGHT AND YOU *ARE* THE
WEREWOLF, I'LL PUT THIS
SILVER BULLET THROUGH
YOUR HEART BEFORE
YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO
TAKE ANY MORE LIVES!

THE DAY PASSES AND THE SUN SCORCHES ITS
WENNY PATH ACROSS THE SKY UNTIL
FINALLY--AS DUSK LIGHTS THE DAY...

THE SUN DIPS BEHIND THE HORIZON AND FINALLY, AS THE
PALE MOON TAKES ITS PLACE...

COLLINS, WOULD YOU
MIND IF I MOVED
OVER TO THE WINDOW?
I LIKE TO FEEL THE
RAYS OF THE DYING
SUN WARM ON
MY FACE!

ALL RIGHT--
BUT REMEMBER,
I'VE GOT THIS
PISTOL AIMED AT
YOUR HEART
AT ALL TIMES!

COLLINS--
I HAVE
TO...

OR NO
YOU *DON'T!*
I'VE GOT
YOU NOW,
WEREWOLF!



THIS IS FOR ALL THE LIVES
YOU CUT SHORT! THIS IS FOR
MY WIFE--AND MY FRIENDS! DIE,
YOU DAMNED DEMON--**DIE!!**



**I DID IT! SQUIRE BLAKE
IS DEAD! I WAS RIGHT--
I WAS RIGHT!!**

**NO--YOU
WERE
WRONG!**



YOU FOOL--YOU SPENT ALL YOUR TIME HUNTING DOWN A WEREWOLF.



**OK, NO
--NO--
NO!**



**YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN
SEARCHING FOR A
WEREMAN!**

Nooooooooooooo

AND SO... THE **END**

COMING UP NEXT GET IT AT YOUR
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SCREAM



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